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**HOPELESS AND HELPLESS.**

Puck.—What are you doing down there?

CHORUS OF REPUBLICAN SENATORS.—Trying to put Cleveland in a hole!





PUCK,  
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Editor, . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 3rd, 1888.—No. 604.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

READERS OF THE BIBLE, and others, may recall the allusion therein to the gentleman who was so expert an excavator of pitfalls that on a certain occasion he inadvertently tumbled into one which he had dugged for his neighbor. And while it is natural to deprecate his unneighborly mode of attack, it is also difficult to restrain a feeling of admiration for his skill, which deceived himself; and we pity the unfortunate victim whose misdirected energies wrought his own discomfiture.

The leaders of the Republican party in the Senate, in their efforts to emulate the general tactics of the gentleman above referred to, and entrap President Cleveland in his manly and onward course, have sought to avoid the errors of their prototype by digging a pit so large that they could not possibly mistake its character and object, and accidentally fall into it. But thereby they do not appear to have secured personal immunity from what seems to be the logical fate of pit-diggers; for they have digged so unskillfully that they can not climb out to attempt the experiment; and no one seems ready or able to help them.

[The alleged leader of the party, Mr. James G. Blaine, is himself so busily engaged in digging a series of largely private pitfalls, into one or another of which he is continually falling and bounding out again only to fall into still another, that he has failed to be of any practical use to his helpless would-be followers.]

The Senate sub-committee has reported to the full Finance Committee the substitute tariff bill. What its general provisions are it is not difficult to conjecture with a close degree of approximation, although for reasons, which can also be approximately conjectured, the text has been carefully kept from the public. But whatever the provisions of the Senate bill may be, whether known or only conjectured, is of little moment. There is such a bill and it will be presented to Congress by the men there representing the party which has emphatically declared itself against "tariff-tinkering." If in one single item,—sugar, for instance,—the Senate bill should advocate a reduction of the present rate, it is, according to all Republican authorities, a "free-trade" bill, and the Republican party stands committed by its official acts to a principle which it opposes in all its public utterances. In fact, so far as the new bill proposes to touch the present tariff except to run the duties up so high that foreign products shall be absolutely excluded from our markets, and the revenue so reduced, it is merely an attempt to do what the Mills Bill proposes to accomplish, only to do it in a different way. In view of the platform adopted by the party at Chicago, what does this mean? It means that the Republican party is in a hole.

The plain truth is that the Republican party is badly rattled. Four years ago it came out in strong and unmistakable terms in favor of tariff-reform. No doubt it retained the suffrages of many trustful and guileless voters on that account. Personal distrust of the candidate for president, however, prevented his election even with so admirable a clause in the platform behind him. Here was the party's great chance. It had been defeated on personal grounds. Let it but show that it was earnest in its professions, and it might easily hope, with a less magnetic leader, to regain its lost prestige. Of course, so long as the party had remained in power, it had been unnecessary to keep any promises made during the canvass that proved inconvenient after election. But here was a good time to turn over a new leaf—to show the people that it really meant what it said—that in spite of a Democratic Administration it was determined to do its best to serve the best interests of the country.

What happened? Why, this course of conduct appears never to have occurred to the gentlemen to whom the Republicans of this country have entrusted their interests. Or if here and there a feeble effort was made, it was promptly checked by those whom, we are learning through "Fat" circulars and in other ways, these gentlemen really represent—those persons who have reaped the greatest benefit through the non-fulfillment of Republican pledges—the protected manufacturers.

In the meantime the Democratic party set earnestly to work to legislate in the line of the policy it had laid out for itself in the platform on which it had successfully appealed to the people, and inaugurated such measures as the needs of the country demanded. This gave the defeated party a much more congenial task than keeping promises which had been made solely to catch votes, and "lean" votes at that. Opposition to the Democrats was a simple plan of action, easily understood and followed by all. Unfortunately for the Republicans, some of the most important measures to which they have by this course found themselves in opposition are the same which they themselves have been advocating for years. In this, however, they were still certain of the support of the monopolists, whose interests they thus openly and professedly foster, of the great army of Republican office-holders and office-wanters, of the great army of well-meaning men who are slow in changing their affiliations, and who do not readily see that the name of a political party may stand for one thing one year, and a totally different thing another year. There still exists a third class not so easily kept in line. This is the great army of intelligent reading and thinking men of the party whose interests are not benefited by the action of its Congressional legislators.

Consequently, when at Chicago it became necessary to appeal to this last class,—the workingman whom Protection fails to protect,—fearful of the effects of Tariff-Reform logic against Protection sophistry, the framers of the platform in desperation threw out a sop of free whiskey and tobacco, hoping thereby to divert the workingman's attention from his true interests in a whirl of enthusiasm for cheaper luxuries. It is in fact to ignorance, vice and prejudice, that the once "Great Party of Moral Ideas" is making its appeal in this year of 1888. But the intelligent American Workingman who is not deceived by the fallacious arguments of the high-protectionists is the last man to be led by the cry of "Cheap Liquor."

Even if the intelligent workingman could not plainly see that the Republican party in working for any tariff change is working first for the employer and secondarily, if at all, for the employee; even if the workingman did not know that the employer always first considers his own interests, and secondarily, if at all, those of the employed, and is ever ready to reduce wages when the importation of foreign laborers, by the natural law of competition, renders this possible, irrespective of any tariff laws,—is not a party which goes in for one set of principles one time, and for another set of principles another time, and tries to straddle two sets of principles at the present time, an unsafe party for him to pin his faith to? Such a party by its own policy proves itself to be not a body of loyal citizens united for the carrying out of a great theory of government, but an aggregation of individuals banded together to retain power for power's sake and the advantage that will accrue personally to them thereby.



A FAILURE IN THE REPUBLICAN WAX-WORKS MUSÉE.

UNCLE SAM.—Well, that's the worst I ever saw!



# The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

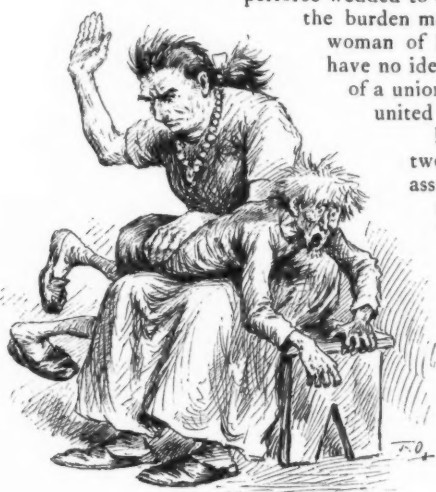
Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes,

by

LEE BILGE, ESQ., Formerly his Boatswain.

## CHAPTER XII.\*

The moment of entering upon the obligations of matrimony must always be a solemn epoch in a man's life; but no ordinary man who has passed through such an ordeal can conceive the sentiments of one who is perforce wedded to a giantess. However heavy the burden may seem to one who weds a woman of his own size in life, he can have no idea of the serious importance of a union with three or four women united in one.



"Administered correction after the fashion usually reserved for the benefit of the young."

I was at this time five-and-twenty years of age, and I can assure the careless reader that my most sensitive feelings were affected when my wife, moved by displeasure at some trifling misconduct on my part, laid me across her lap, and administered correction after the fashion usually reserved for the benefit of the young.

But I anticipate my narrative. The Giantess and I were married sixteen times, to large audiences. I suppose that no other man was ever so thoroughly married. So far as I was concerned, a

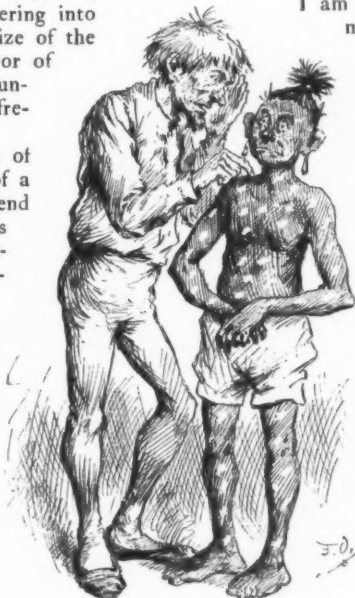
ceremony simple to the point of inadequacy would have amply sufficed; but the interests of business required the repetition of the ceremony, and in the end I found myself married to an unnecessary extent.

My wife, as I had early occasion to learn, was of an excessively jealous temperament. I shall not soon forget the expression of her feelings when she thought that I had gazed too long and fondly upon the stuffed giraffe which had recently been added to our show. I think I may safely say to those who contemplate entering into the wedded state that two feet of difference in the size of the husband and the wife, when the difference is in favor of the wife, may lead to domestic complications of an unpleasant nature. The complications in my case were frequent and painful.

I do not wish to dwell upon this harrowing period of my life. Any one who may have wedded a giantess of a jealous disposition and quick to action, will comprehend my feelings. Those who have not passed through this unpleasant experience can not be expected to understand the sufferings of a sensitive spirit under such untoward circumstances.

Suffice it to say that I had passed through two years of such experience, and was the agitated parent of twin giantesses and a dwarf baby, when I resolved to free myself from a bondage that grew more irksome with every day, and to return to my beloved country, which I had too long forgotten.

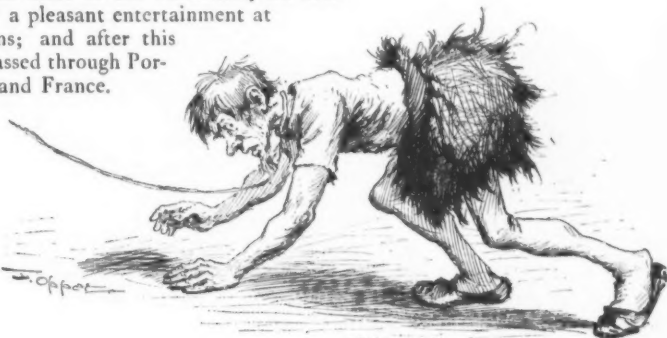
In this scheme I found an accomplice in the Spotted Boy, an interesting freak of nature who had joined our show at Oporto. His marriage with the Bearded Lady had been as unhappy as my own, and he was ready to fly with me at the first convenient opportunity. We agreed to travel to the sea-coast as a Moral Aggregation of Curiosities; but we were



"I found an accomplice in the Spotted Boy."

for a long time undecided whether he or I should take the part of the curiosities. We resolved at last that I should appear as the Wild Man of the Andes in the morning, and as the Madagascan Epileptic in the afternoon. We judged, and I think rightly, that the Portuguese would not be attracted by a man clean only in spots: several Portuguese having been known to take occasional baths.

We fled one dark night, inadvertently taking with us the stuffed giraffe, and by the exercise of the greatest agility we were able to distance our pursuers. Having taken the precaution to carry with us the tent, two mules and most of the curiosities, we were able to offer a pleasant entertainment at various towns; and after this fashion we passed through Portugal, Spain and France.



"I was obliged to walk on all fours from the dock to the place where we pitched our tent."

These months, compared with those passed in the bonds of unequal wedlock, seemed to me a space of halcyon bliss. It was not, I will own, wholly agreeable to have to walk up and down a cage on all fours, in my character of the Wild Man of the Andes; and I thrice threw my shoulder out of joint in striving to stand upon my head in order to sustain the character of the Madagascan Epileptic, yet when I thought of the immediate past, I felt that my bachelor existence had its charms.

I am no opponent of the marriage system, yet I feel that a man should marry moderately and not in excess.

Having exhausted our fortunes in France, we crossed over into England, and I found myself once more upon my native soil. My pleasure was something dashed by the fact that I was obliged to walk on all fours from the dock to the place where we pitched our tent, from time to time growling at the populace as we advanced, such being, as I supposed, the manners and carriage of a Wild Man of the Andes.

We landed at Liverpool, and pitched our tent upon the outskirts of the town. That evening, during our performance, I happened to cast a glance toward the audience, and perceived my wife sitting in one of the front rows, regarding me with the tender interest which had, in times past, often communicated its tenderness to my person. Hastily retiring to my dressing-room, which I shared with the trick donkey, I sent for the town constable. He arrived promptly, having been found investigating the operation of the Excise Laws in a neighboring hostelry.

Drawing down toward me his long and prehensile ear, I whispered into it my dread secret.

He appeared astonished. "You understand, I suppose," he said, "that this means hanging."

"Drawing and quartering," I promptly replied, "would be a luxury."

(To be continued.)

\* This story was begun in No. 593.





#### ON BOARD THE GALLIA.

MISS ADA RACKET (*just from Italy*).— Oh, Mr. Newton, are you a good judge of Roman coins?  
MR. WINDSOR NEWTON (*just from Paris*).— Well, I know all about the Latin Quarter!

#### AT THE RIDING SCHOOL.



IN HER NEW riding habit of soft olive green  
She appeared quite as lovely and proud as a queen,  
As around the big ring with a petulant bob  
She sailed on the spine of the old sorrel cob.

She rocked like the reed in the breezes a-dream,  
She rocked like a lily upon a wild stream;  
And she made the old cob like a bald-eagle fly  
When she hit him right over his only good eye.

Oh, she seemed like a queen in the yellow side-saddle,  
When she made the wild horse to "Erminie" skedaddle!  
And when the band ceased, from the stirrup she dropped,  
And over the platform most gracefully hopped.

Then I heard her observe with a gesture elate:  
"I am now riding daily to pull down my weight—  
I am losing flesh daily by riding, and that  
Is the reason I've stopped taking Smith's anti-fat!"

HORNETS' NESTS woven about gaunt branches, for household decoration,  
are now all the go. They will continue to be the fashion until the  
hornets are thawed out by the glowing grate.

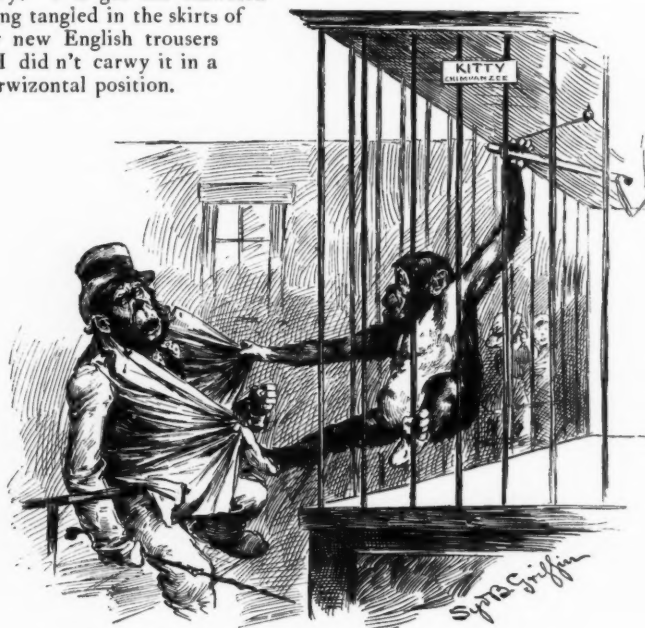
SOME OF OUR comic artists seem to find considerable humor in eccentric  
scenes which result in the taking off of a man's head. If these gen-  
tlemen had only lived in Paris during that historical eccentricity known  
as the Reign of Terror, what a scream of merriment would have come  
up from unborn generations when Dr. Guillotin's daughter treated them  
to one of her own practical jokes!

THE CREASES ON trousers are more pronounced than ever; especially  
those horizontal ones at the back of the knees.

#### THE REASON OF IT.

TOM BIGBEE (*ferociously*).— Hang it, Gibbon, I can't see why you  
have adopted that idiotic way of carrying your umbrella! You're jabbing  
everybody, back and front.

HOWELL GIBBON.— You cawn't see, eh? Why, it's absolutely neces-  
sary. I'd get the blawsted  
thing tangled in the skirts of  
my new English trousers  
if I did n't carwy it in a  
horwizontal position.



#### RESURRECTED.

MRS. KITTY O'BRIEN CROWLEY (*to Mr. McManus, of  
the Eighth Ward*).— For heaven's sake, if you are Crow-  
ley, speak to me, and end this suspense!



# THE LATEST DODGE IN PROHIBITION REGIONS.



MAN WITH INDIAN CLUBS (to INQUIRING FRIEND) — Yes, I'm going in for a thorough course of athletic exercise; and there's nothing like club-swinging to begin with!



First Exercise.



Second Exercise.



Third Exercise.



Fourth Exercise. — "Thish Injun Club business is big! Makes me feel like a new man!"

## A NEW AND THRILLING PLAY.

I HAVE just witnessed a drama which contains a large amount of thrill to the act, and possesses a daynoomong which shows that the daynoomonger who wrote it was no slouch, if I may be permitted the expression.

As the piece is quite new, I think the public will be interested in a description of it. This will only whet their desire to see the whole show, which, I am informed, is soon to make a tour of the country.

One of the characters is named Topsy. She is either a colored person or was born that way; it was impossible to tell which without a closer view than a seat in the last row of the parquet afforded. She has a jocular vein of humor in her make up; and when she says, "Golly! Ise so wicked!" the people laugh as though it were funny to be wicked, instead of being chiefly dangerous.

Topsy was not very well dressed. In fact this play does not as yet travel on its good clothes. Her dress was cut décolleté both at the top and the bottom, but what she lacked in elaborate garmenture she made up in airy persiflage and local gags.

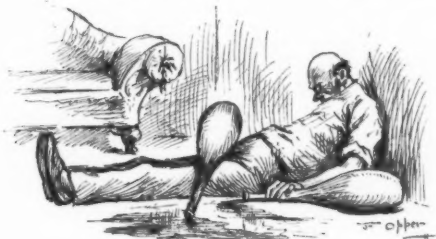
Another of the characters, Miss Ophelia, frequently observed, "How shiftless!" She probably referred to Topsy, for the audience had also observed it.

Topsy was somewhat unorthodox in her reply to the question, "Who made you?" She inclined to the opinion that she was the result of an attack of spontaneous combustion, and said she just grew. This remark also brought down the house; but it was promptly rebuilt for the next attack, which occurred when the slice of midnight asked Aunt Ophelia if there were any little black angels in heaven.

Another of the characters is named Eliza Harris. Her clothes are not pretty, being torn in places and plated in other portions with goods which did not originally come from the same foundry. The worn appearance of her garb would indicate that the piece had been on the road, and the actors on the railroad track a long time, and had met with adverse criticism and other missiles, but the manager assured me that such was not the case.

The play would probably take better if some Paris dresses were imported for some of the women characters to wear; but if Eliza wore one it would have to be taken off before she tried to escape across the ice, or the fierce bloodhounds might tear it with their fearful fangs.

The ice in the play is of a pale dark



Rest!

color, and looks as if it had been sawed in chunks about the size of a tone, off an oak log.

The bloodhounds are remarkable features of the drama, being genuine animals with the bark on.

They get the bark off several times during their presence on the stage, in a large heart-rending tone of voice.

Beside the females I have mentioned, there is a small-sized one named Eva, who dies at every performance in a life-like manner, but resuscitates in time for the next appearance.

There are other characters also — Uncle Tom, himself, a lawyer named Marks, and several people.

The business of the piece is very exciting, and there is no doubt that it will have a long run. The author, I think, should feel encouraged and hasten to give the American public another production of his transcendent genius.

The play, I should have stated at first, is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Wm. H. Seiviter.



## A DREADFUL DOWNFALL.

MR. HOFFMAN HOWES. — Poor Howell Gibbon! How diffawnt the pwsent from his formaw gay and gentlemawny style of life.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEECHE. — Aw — ya-as; — there's nothing gentlemawny about it now — he's paying off his debts, ye know.

TIME FLIES, and October is a month of flying colors.

THE BIG GUNS of the ball field are like their counterparts on the martial field — no good when spiked.

THE WHISTLE of the Washington lady who is winning such notoriety by her unusual gift, seems to be a "tin" whistle.

FALL OVERCOATS remain at practically the same prices as last season; three per cent. a month, and the principal advanced by your uncle.

"NO, MADAM," he said: "I am not an ordinary peddler. You have only to hear the name of the article I am introducing to feel that you have lived too long without knowing me. You have, I observe, five children, and you do not wear tailor-made gowns. Your next door neighbor is the pastor of the parish. The article I refer to may be applied to any sewing machine, and it is called the 'Sunday Muffler.' My rates —"

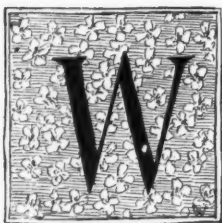
"Come in!" said the lady, cordially.

"DON'T YOU like Wagner's wedding march, Miss Pauline?" he inquired, tenderly.

"I don't know much about it, Mr. Culch," she replied: "but I think his running away with that other man's wife was perfectly shameful."



## ADVICE TO THE OLD.



WHILE PAMPHLETS, magazines, books, and the weekly press have been for some years freighted with golden advice to the young, there has been during the same period scarcely a word of admonition bestowed upon the old. Whether this immunity is due to the attention attracted by dear young Artemus to that sweet injunction, "Deal gently with the aged," I can not tell; but it is a fact that for a long time the old have enjoyed almost perfect freedom from advice. As a consequence, they have been comporting themselves with much circumspection. They need only have their attention now called to a few minor foibles to command the admiration of mankind.

*Imprimis*, it may be said that old ladies offer less opportunity for adverse criticism than old gentlemen. For old ladies interest themselves in the lives of their juniors, win the affection of brutal young grandchildren, and lighten the labors of daughters and daughters-in-law so that these much harassed young women may remain in the enjoyment of their prescriptive right to do nothing. But while old ladies are engaged in these works, old men of a contemporary generation sit about the house, perpetually in the way of their sons' wives, read endless papers, stow old copies behind picture frames, and give an air of untidiness to the best kept room by the wearing of criminally dilapidated carpet slippers.

Speaking generally to the two sexes, we would first warn the old to beware of using false symbols of youth. Take, as an instance, a wig. Its wearer may be the soul of confiding frankness, and the wig itself, by its extraordinary unlikeness to any thing in the heavens above, or the waters under the earth, may be the apotheosis of guilelessness, and yet each conceited observer of that wig will imagine the wig-wearer as hugging the delusion that he deceives the world. Though a person should carry his wig on a pole, yet in the conceited mind will he stand convicted as a ridiculous and stealthy pretender. The old should let their faces become "the map of days outworn," as the poet bids them.

And, next, we warn the old not to take greater latitude in personal habits than is allowed to the young. They should wear their hair as trimly cut, their raiment as well fitted. And though they have a license to fall into reveries on their youth, even when in the midst of the giddy throng they should not carry the privilege to the extent of allowing their false teeth to click too absent-mindedly.

The old should not smoke an ancient pipe between the wind and the nobility of their friends. They should not wear collars and cuffs of a limberness and yellowness which speak of the earth's decay.

If they possess riches, they should not regard every human being as in a state of vain wonderment as to whom those riches will be bequeathed.

An old man who marries a young woman should not be deceived into a belief that she is worthy to receive all his estate at his decease, for that is what she married him for; and it is a rule of law that no one should profit from his own iniquity. And if the old man, after carefully observing his young wife, is forced by the many instances of her disinterested affection to the opinion that she does not aim at his wealth, he should not thereafter make pretensions to the possession of ordinary sense.

At a feast—even though it is a gratuitous one—an old man should not eat until the imagination of all present is wrought to a high degree of horror as to the consequences. Neither, on the other hand, should he too flamboyantly call the attention of the guests to the fact that he is no longer able to wrestle with ordinary fare.

An old lady, whose money has won the young affections of a twenty-year old, should not refer to him in public as "My Algy"; and if she gives a dinner, it will be the best plan to have him dine with the children. When he dines with the children, however, a nurse should be present to see that his youth is not taken advantage of.

A sad restriction—to old men the saddest of all—the old should not attempt to recount their feats of youthful vigor. For whatever may have been an old man's past ability as an athlete or as a scholar, let him

allude to it as modestly as he may, and his hearers will immediately set him down as "an old man of less truth than tongue," and scorn him accordingly.

When John Sullivan is old he will do well to say: "Men are getting very brave and strong nowadays; but when I was young I had neither nerve nor muscle. I would have run two miles any day to get out of a fight, and the idea of hitting a man right in the face used to make me shudder. But I was always lucky, some way, and never had a fight in my life."

A college man should say: "When I was young, a man that knew the Latin alphabet was considered a fine scholar; I don't believe I ever knew *that*."

The old farmer, instead of relating that he used to be able to lay prostrate six acres of wheat before the evening's sun was low, should remark: "When I cut half-an-acre of easy grain, it was a big day with me."

If old people will follow these few hints, and also avoid giving silver mugs and pap-spoons when modestly expected to give the mine that the silver came from, prayers of a Spanish magnificence, but entirely lacking in Spanish hypocrisy, will be daily offered that they may continue to live and flourish for a thousand years.

Williston Fish.

A PAINTER ORDERED sorrel soup, on account of its color, and then suggested raw sienna as a happier title for it.

AMERICAN PAINTERS ARE SO anxious to compete with foreign artists that they literally beg not to be protected. Yet they are protected in spite of themselves.

A LONDON PAPER says that nine hundred years ago the Russians believed in spells and incantations. Judging from some sample Russian names, they still believe in spells, and in bad ones, too.

WE WISH THE Anarchists hated water as badly as they are said to. They would n't come over three thousand miles of it to get here, then.

PHARAOH COULD NEVER have hardened his heart after a plague of banjos.

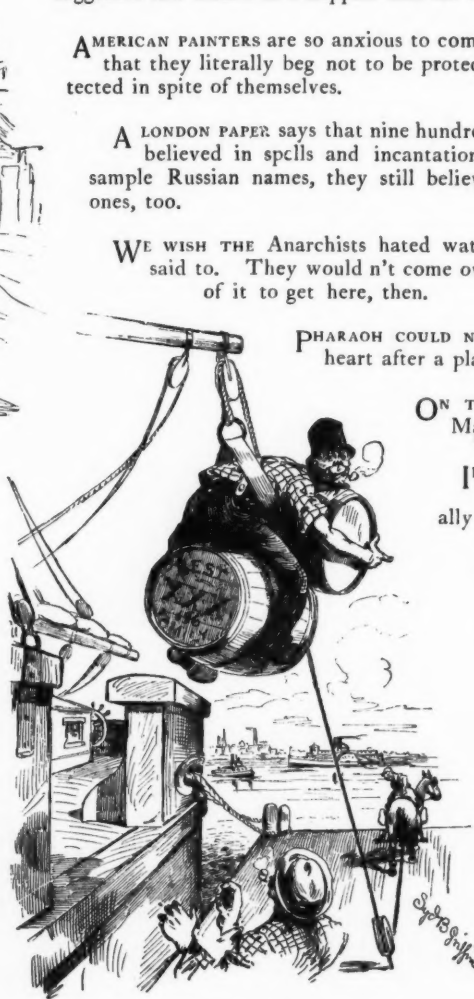
ON THE FRONT STOOP—The Marble Player.

IDIOTS WHO shoot the Niagara Rapids generally find they are loaded.

ON THE FENCE—The Poster.

A CANAL-LOCK IS A SORT of a navi-gate.

HAYTI IS ABOUT the only country in the world in which a revolution can burst forth and come to an end without getting into the papers. The Haytian revolution, with a small "r," is also about as sanguinary as a piece of Italian marble, or the average duel.



A NEW LABOR COMBINATION.

O'TOOLE.—I see ye are workin', McGuire!

McGUIRE.—I'm drawin' the pay av two min on the dock; but devil a bit of wor-r-ruk hev I to do. Come down an' see me!

McGUIRE.—You see, O'Toole, the horse does all the wor-r-ruk!

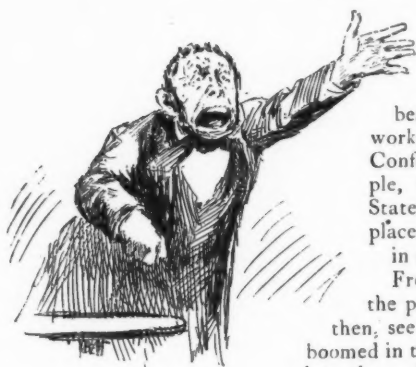
IF WE WERE more patriotic, our flat houses, instead of being called the Madrid, Saragossa, etc., would be known as the Kalamazoo, Sheboygan, Baraboo, and Skaneateles.

MY FOND HEART, it doth ache  
With love, for thy sweet sache.  
Say yes—say yes, and mache  
My gray life rose tints tache.  
We'll sail love's glassy lache,  
Where billows never breache,  
In barque that ne'er shall quache.  
Joy'll follow in our wache—  
Now, ho! the wedding cache!





## EXTRACT FROM A WAR-TARIFF SPEECH.



"Now, FELLOW-CITIZENS, look at the beauties of high Protection, as illustrated in recent history. See how beautifully a prohibitive tariff worked in the case of the Southern Confederacy. The Southern people, with the help of the United States Navy, which had been kindly placed at their disposal, succeeded in completely shutting out British Free Trade and goods made by the pauper labor of Europe. And then, see how business and prosperity boomed in the Confederacy. Why, coffee brought such a high price that people actually began to manufacture it; and they had parched-wheat coffee, parched-potato coffee, parched-corn coffee, persimmon-seed coffee, and several other kinds. The exclusion of the foreign article established an infant industry that grew like a bean-stalk.

"A Confederate shoemaker, in the latter part of the war, when the Protective system was most perfect, could get two hundred dollars for a pair of shoes; and now he's lucky if he gets ten dollars. The shoe business was so booming that some people wore wooden-bottomed shoes, with iron strips nailed to the edges of the soles to make them more durable. Money was so plentiful that you could take a gold dollar and buy fifty dollars with it; and, take any Free Trade country on the face of the earth, and see how much money a gold dollar will buy to-day.

"Now, there's no use for the Cobdenites to try to get around a straightforward, direct, clinching argument like that. Then, again, look at the magnificent system of protection which prevailed in New York City during the great blizzard. While that lasted, the New York hack-driver, being thoroughly protected from the pauper competition of New Jersey, could get fifty dollars a day; but now, with thousands of Free Traders hurrahing over Mr. Cleveland's Free Trade letter of acceptance, that same hack-driver could n't get over seven dollars a day to save his life. And, I tell you, fellow-citizens, when the short-sighted New York people cleaned that deep snow off their streets and opened up their blockaded railroads, thus inviting a flood-tide of western competition, they made a big stride on the ruinous road to Free Trade." J. A. M.

## SAFE, THOUGH RUIN THREATEN.

"Vhot vas ve going to do, fadder," said little Abraham, as he laid down the newspaper, "if dose Democads take off de duty on vool? It means ruin, sure; de brices vas too low alretty!"

"Nefer you fear, mine little sohn," replied the old man: "it vill not affect dis peezniss; dere vas not an ounce of vool in all de clodhings in dis emporium!"

## HOW IT PROTECTED HIM.

"The tariff, sir," said the seedy man in black to the shivering stranger, as they stood on the Custom-House steps, "is a blessing and a protection to every one in this broad land. Without it, where would we be?"

"Out in the cold, I'm afraid," replied the other: "this big building is a mighty good thing to keep the wind off a fellow in this kind of weather."

FROM AN artistic point, the campaign-banner portraits are not up to the mark. If any one of the candidates has as many different flesh tones — varying from Venetian red to Indian yellow — as these pictures represent, he must be a compromise between a chameleon and a crazy quilt.

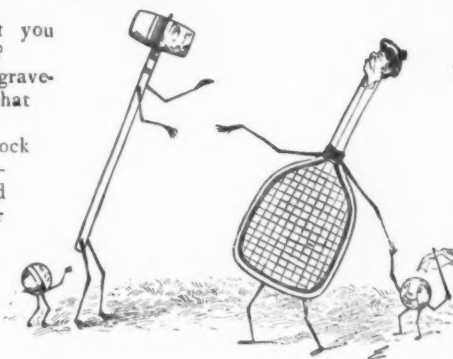
A GOOD DEAL has been said about Bourbon Democrats in the past. What is the brand of the Free-whiskey Republicans of '88 — Bourbon, or Rye?

## THE PAST TO THE PRESENT.

CROQUET MALLET.—Could n't you kindly help a poor gentleman, sir?

TENNIS RACQUET.—Humph! A graveyard's about the only thing that would help you!

CROQUET MALLET.—Do not mock me, sir. 'T is true I am but a skeleton now, while you are fat and hearty; but who knows when your day may come?



THE GARDEN SPOT—The Water-melon Patch.

IN ADDITION to the man whose head is blown off, the half-hanged man who has escaped the Vigilantes is now contributing his share to the fund of American humor. We doubt not that in time some genius will rise up to set the country in roars of laughter by affixing an appropriate jest to Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson."

"YOU SEE," said a Broadway car-conductor, as he registered two fares on the indicator in response to three just received, "it is n't as easy for us conductors to cheat the company as the public seem to think. We are required," he continued, as he collected five fares and rang up three in a buoyant manner, "to obtain five cents from every passenger, and then to register each fare on the indicator. Of course," he observed, meanwhile ringing up one in exchange for two fares taken in, "each passenger sees me ring the indicator for his or her fare, and it is impossible not to do so without being found out. Why," he added, jerking the rope so gently that the indicator didn't ring for the two fares he had then pocketed, "if I did not register every fare I receive, I should deem it proper for any one to have me arrested for dishonesty." So I had him arrested.

"HOME USES FOR MINERAL WATERS" is the title of a paper in Harper's for October. The only home use we ever heard of any one having for mineral water, was to create the impression or delusion that the said home was temperate from centre to circumference.

A REPUBLICAN JOURNAL SAYS: "Scratch a tariff reformer and what do you find?" Easy one. You find that he runs behind his ticket, just as a Republican does when you scratch him. Give us another.

THE MORE the tariff is taken off wool, the more the American weaver is on velvet.

"SHALL WE waist a little time?" is the latest way of saying: "Will you waltz?"

THE AMERICAN and Labor parties don't seem to be worth a campaign button.

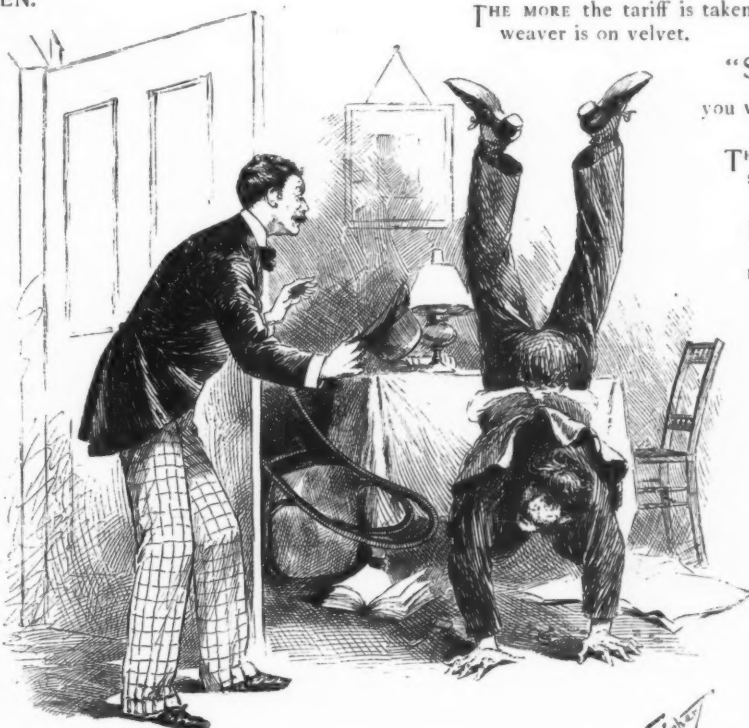
NO, GEORGE, Mr. Mills is a Texan, not a Chinaman. His Q has misled you.

HOWELL GIBBON has given his tailor a wholesale order to save up for him several hundred yards of this season's fabrics: "because," says he, slapping the five-dollar trousers for which he has paid fourteen, "the Democwats may weduce the duty on wool, ye know, and I could n't bear the disgwace of going aaround in cheap clothes!"

THE REV. MR. PHIDDLE, D.D., Preached a thrilling three-hour homilee To prove that the world To perdition was hurled— Yet a D.D. was never d—d.

THE TITLE of Mr. Clinton Scollard's delightful volume "With Reed and Lyre" leads us to suppose that his literary training was gained on the Tribune.

HONESTY is the best policy; but "Policy" is the best road to dishonesty.



## WELL-EARNED REST.

BIGBEE (entering his friend's room).—Good gracious, Walker! What monkey-shines are these?

WALKER.—Oh, I'm just giving my feet a little well-earned rest. I passed a civil service examination a year ago, and I've been going downtown every day since then to see about my chances for an appointment.





THE REPUBLICAN IDEA OF  
A High Tariff on the Monopolist's Wares, Free Entrance for Pauper Labor



C K.



J. Ottmann Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

IDEA OF PROTECTION —  
 for Pauper Labor, and a Lock-Out for the American Workingman.



## SHORT INTERVIEWS ON THE TARIFF QUESTION.

## No. IV. — SUGAR.



"AM SURE I wish I had never seen you," said the Small Retail Grocer to the Sugar-Barrel. You are only an annoyance and a cost to me. There is no profit whatever on you; in fact, there is generally a loss. If I had to sell you for what I pay for you, it would be bad enough; but I have to cut my prices to meet the prices of the Big Grocer around the corner, so that when he sells you at cost, I must sell you at the same—or less. And while he can profitably sell you at a loss to attract customers to his shop, I can only keep my few customers by doing the same thing. And if I undersell him, and bring more customers here, I have only the more sugar to buy, and, ten to one, my new customers purchase nothing else."

"Well, well," said the Sugar-Barrel, consolingly; "it all tends to make me cheap to the poor."

"That is all well enough," replied the Grocer; "but why should I have to pay for making you cheap? If everything else were sold in the same way, I should have to shut up shop. I can make out well enough on small profits; but Losses, however small, do not help my business. You are no earthly good to me. What is the use of an article that pays no profit?"

"Ah, but I do pay a profit," returned the Sugar-Barrel, somewhat angrily. "Look at the vast fortunes that have been made by the sugar-refiners! Is there a richer class of men among merchants? Look at their great manufactories—their fine houses and parks—their steam-yachts. Profit, indeed! I should say I *did* pay a profit!"

"Well," inquired the Grocer; "how do they make a profit on you?"

"Because," the Sugar-Barrel replied, promptly: "they get the benefit of a Protective Duty of from 1½ cents a pound to 3½ cents a pound."

"And who pays that duty?" asked the Grocer.

"You do," responded the Sugar-Barrel.

"Then," the Grocer went on, "if I pay the duty, why don't I get the benefit of it?"

"Because," replied the Sugar-Barrel, in a tone that signified that it was weary of the conversation, "you don't belong to the Sugar Trust."

GIBBON WANTS to know why the Democrats are kicking up such a row about free raw wool. "Who weahs waw wool, any how?" says he. "And if people must weah English goods, why don't they go abwoad, as I do, and bwing their clothes back in use, duty free?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Harrison, N. J., is sure to give Cleveland a majority; but Cleveland, O., is not likely to do the same thing for Harrison. Even Harrison and Morton Streets, New York, will swell the Cleveland plurality.



## A SCARECROW IDYL.

"Chestnut!" Jim Crow derisive cawed: But Farmer Hayseed's leap-year scheme  
"You can't cheat me with this old fraud." Worked like the logic of a dream.

## NOVEL BUT NOT NEW.

"I have here a novel idea," said the straw-hatted man, as the cheerful warmth of the sanctum made him forget the object that should have been shot on the 15th of September. "It's a joke about the race between Love and Money."

"Yes, indeed," replied the editor wearily, "it's novel enough; I've read of it in every novel I ever saw; but as one of our comic weeklies has been playing it all Summer as a cartoon idea, I don't think we can use it."

NO MORE IN flaming argosies  
The bees surround the jimson;  
The crystal brook reflects the trees,  
Rustling in gold and crimson.  
Along the rippling air the down  
Is drifting from the thistle,  
And in the cedar's olive gown  
The quail begins to whistle:  
"Bob White!"



## HE WANTED FREE TRADE.

MR. WACIDE T. RAVELER.—One apple and two dogs! Blamed if they hain't carrying the Protection idee to perfection here!

## BROTHER BOBBY, OF BOSTON, ON THE TENNIS GROUND.

MR. GUESTLY.—Well, Bobby, that was a pretty close game, was n't it?

BOBBY.—Yes, Mr. Guestly, it was; but there is a little matter I feel it my duty to speak to you about. When the score was "30—Love," I noticed that you told my sister of the state of the game with rather more emphasis than the case seemed to demand and, as my sister's only brother, I consider it my duty to ask you more particularly regarding your intentions before matters go any further. I trust I have not spoken too harshly, Mr. Guestly.

THERE WAS N'T enough of that "Revolution" in Maine to go 'round.

THE COLEUS is fading  
In the painted butter-tub;  
A sombre red 's invading  
The leaflet of the shrub.  
The Democrat's parading,  
And also the Repub;  
And the drumlet on the street—  
Let makes an awful rub-a-dub-dub.





# THE LATEST BOTANICAL DISCOVERY.

THE BLOOMING IDIOT.  
(Genus Cigaretus.)

IT IS NOT necessary to have the lawn mower pushed over the sward more than once a month now, and this enables the ruralite to molt his straw hat, even if he has to wear a pair of tan uppers over his dilapidated summer shoes.

THE HUMIDITY was so intense in some parts of New England, recently, that the dried-apple crop was almost a failure.

THE PRIZE RING — The Solitaire Engagement.

THE BASE-BALL player seldom strains at a gnat, but he frequently works hard over a fly.

# THE APOSTLE OF ANTE-UP.

IF YOU should chance to see  
A parson — clever as clever can be —  
Who tickles his flock with jest and riddle,  
And worships God with flute and fiddle —  
The latest clerical fad is he!

And should you chance to see  
The man whose fine philanthropy  
Assumes that every man's a brother,  
That he's a saint and you're another —  
The devil a saint at all is he!

But further: should you see  
A priest grow plump on Penury —  
Gad zooks! — don't take it for a miracle,  
Or deem his diet is atmospherical —  
An anti-poverty priest is he!

Or if you chance to see  
The man who vows that you and he  
Have equal title to all the Earth  
By Nature's warrant — the right of birth —  
Why, so have the wolf and chimpanzee!

In short, where'er you see  
The real, original patentee  
Of a New Crusade — look out for gammon!  
His creed is Self, his God is Mammon,  
And all his preaching is tweedle-dee!

M. I'Anson.

THE BASE-BALL PLAYER would be perfect, if he could only correct his errors.

THERE is a brisk business just at present in selling antlers to returned Adirondack hunters, who exhibit them in their halls as evidences of their prowess.

MANY A MAN who can not sit still for fifteen minutes during a Wagner opera, can sit as motionless as the sheep on a tombstone, in the crankiest kind of a canoe, in the roughest kind of water.

THE UTES threaten to make mince meat of the Piutes. Then we shall hear of the Mince-piutes.

IF TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well, it must get into the milk occasionally. Hey, there! A copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, please!



# THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE REV. MOSES MEECKER (*jumping up*). — Why on earth do you interrupt me in this way, Maria? You're enough to drive one crazy! Did n't I tell you I should be busy all the morning writing my sermon on Patience?

# IN Peace prepare for War!

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USING

**FRED. BROWN'S  
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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.





Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd  
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;  
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,  
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.  
And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,  
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:  
For the SOMMER PIANO, as certain as fate,  
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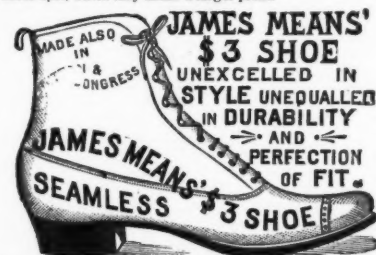
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And overcoats we doff,  
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October's here, and soon the tree  
Its autumn tints will don;  
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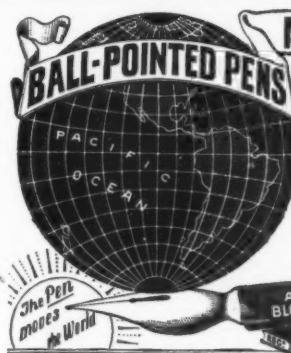
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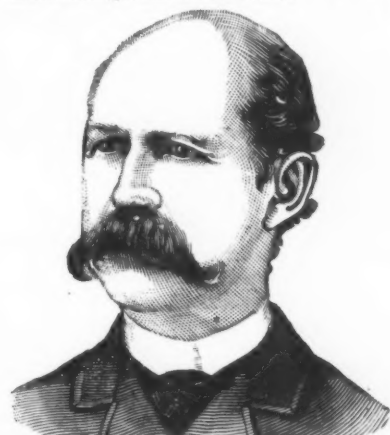
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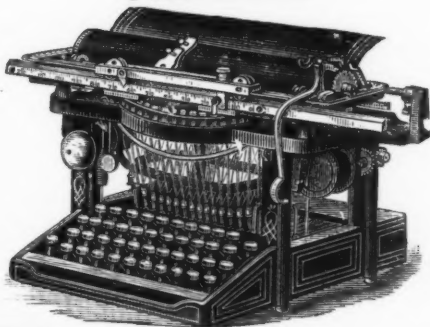
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